

WE ARE ALMOST THERE

ANSWER TO THE BEAUTIFUL

BALLAD

"ARE WE ALMOST THERE"

WRITTEN BY

(James H. Brown)

Music by

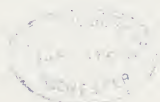
I. B. WOODBURY.

25cts. nett.

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.

Entered as second-class matter, July 16, 1879, at New York, N.Y., under No. 105, Post Office at New York, N.Y., authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.



"WE ARE ALMOST THERE!"

Words by J. H. BROWN.

Music by I. B. WOODBURY.

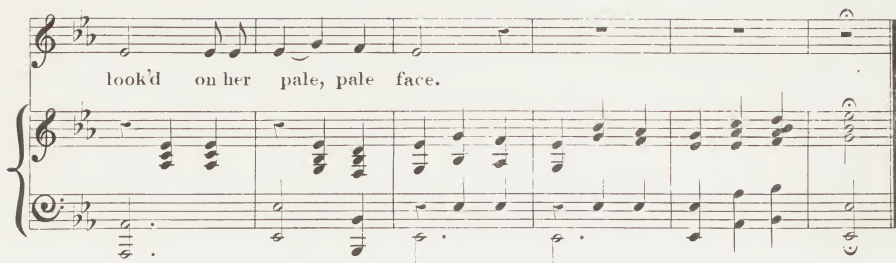
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time, consisting of seven measures. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: "We are al - most there! We are al - most there!" followed by a "Whisper'd" section. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "they as they look'd on her pale, pale face, While they part-ed the". The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

tresses of flow - ing hair, Ere she gazed a - - gain on her

na - tive place, Brightly shining a - - far with its domes and

tow'rs While the wind bore the perfume of ro - sy bow'rs. "We are

al - most there! We are al - most there!" Whisper'd they as they



"We are almost there! we are almost there!"

We are near to the homestead belov'd by thee;
 Thou hast asked us oft "are we almost there?"
 Thou hast wept for the sight that thou couldst not see;
 Let thy heart beat high— and thine eye grow bright—
 For it could not gaze on a dearer sight."

"We are almost there! we are almost there!"

Then the cheek so pale once again was flush'd,
 And her eyes they beamed with a brighter glare—
 While the words of all that were near were hush'd,
 And a faint, faint smile on her visage play'd
 Like the moon's bright ray on the deeper shade.

"We are almost there! we are almost there!"

But they spake not then as they spake before,
 For they bent o'er the maiden in deep despair;
 Tho' her smile was fixed— yet her life was o'er;
 And they call'd her name:— she made no reply—
 She had come to her home but to gaze and die!

And they buried their darling within that spot
 Where she oft had sported in childhood's days,
 But the sweep of the willow disturbs her not
 While so soft through the branches the zephyr plays;
 On a marble stone is a girl at prayer
 And these simple words— "We are almost there!"

